

# Good 558 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

STRAIGHT  
FROM HORSE'S  
MOUTH,  
L.S. TED  
BLACKWELL



Girls compete with men in assembling equipment for our ships and submarines, and here is how one "crew" appears to an R.N.V.A.D., SUSAN CHRISTIN, posted to a factory surgery

## FACTORY WRENS WORK—NAVY STYLE

AMONG the lesser-known jobs being done by Wrens in this war are those of the Wren factory workers. Since 1942, more and more Wrens have been taking over many naval ratings' jobs in R.N. factories, thereby releasing the men for more active service.

Our unit of three R.N.V.A.D.s had been allotted to a large Naval Assembly Factory. It was night and pouring with rain when we arrived. As we checked in at Regulating Office, situated in a nearby manor, we could see great log fires through the open doors, and dozens of Wrens sitting around them. The Naval Shore Establish-

### ALEX CRACKS

Employer: "Well, madam, I presume your son is absolutely honest."

Mother: "Oh, scrupulously honest, sir; but he realises that business is business."

Efficiency Expert: "You are wasting too much time on your general appearance."

Typist: "It's not wasted. I've only been here six months, and already I'm engaged to the junior partner."

Shop Assistant: "And what can I do for you, my boy?"

Little Boy: "A halfpenny-worth of mixed fruit drops and a halfpenny back, and I'll bring the penny along on Saturday."



The Princess Royal, accompanied by Miss Irene Wasitell, V.A.D. Commandant, inspects nurses at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Portsmouth.

ment's speciality of roast pork was obviously "on."

The place was packed with Wrens. All ages, all types. Until we entered we would have thought it was a peacetime week-end we were arriving for. So quiet and restful. That was until we entered. It was more like an hotel.

Next morning, when we had been allotted "cabins," we set off for the factory to take over work in the surgery. But where was it?

An old, ramshackle building was sprawled over a large field looking like a dis-used barn. It was supposed to look like that. It was the factory.

On taking over the very modern surgery from the departing nurses, we found the cases to be dealt with; sprains, the usual cut fingers, and one sailor with a black eye as the result of a slight celebration the night before.

The majority of the Wrens were very young; some are just out of school, some older ones have families of their own, and a few are even grand-

mothers! But in spite of their being the so-called weaker sex, there is keen competition between Wren and rating as to who has the highest output.

The girls often had to be stopped from lifting the heavier stuff. There were special notices all over the factory forbidding them to do so. Do you always obey official notices? Well, they don't either.

We soon got into the run of things. Since there wasn't much surgery work, we often helped at the canteen, where the factory personnel gathered in their spare time between shifts. The main topic of conversation is usually about work, or somebody's girl- or boy-friend.

This usually leads to some careless talk, of the sort that doesn't cost lives. But they're a serious crowd on the whole for everyone knows that each piece of equipment assembled here is urgently needed to supply Royal Naval ships and submarines all over the world.

For some time before D-Day, Wrens and ratings worked at extra high speed, without any shore leave, and voluntarily giving up their "gash" hours, so as to produce a record quantity of supplies. You can imagine their pride on D-Day when the successful landings, guarded by the Navy, were announced over the loud-speakers throughout the factory.

It was a grand feeling for the Wrens to know that they had helped you.

The competition between Wrens and ratings is severe, but it's all in the friendliest manner. Once, when two teams were having one of their frequent competitions, to see which side could assemble most over a 24-hour shift, three of the ratings fell ill. The Wren

THE A.T.S. very conveniently arranged for your wife to be on leave when we called at 76 Glenthorne Close, Sutton Common Road, Sutton, Surrey, was a very jolly wedding party there the week before our visit, but we don't know whether it was anything like the one you went to on your last leave.

It may be rather ungallant of us to say so, Ted, but we were thus able to get some real pukka gen straight from the horse's mouth. You'll see the horse in the picture and will understand what we mean.

You will see we managed to get a real family group in front of the camera, with your cat, Monty, in a prominent position on your mother-in-law's lap. It's a pity to have to expose Monty like this, but we must reveal that he wouldn't have his photograph taken until he had been bribed with a piece of cheese.

Your father-in-law was unfortunately not at home when the picture was taken, but you will see some of his handiwork in the photo. Yes, those toys your wife and her grandmother are holding are some of his handiwork. Pretty good, don't you think?

We don't know whether you've had any present yet, Ted, but when we first called at Glenthorne Close your wife was in Sutton doing her Christmas shopping. When she got back, we did find out that she had bought an umbrella for her mother, but whether or not she had anything in her basket for you, she didn't say.

You will, of course, have no difficulty in recalling the

Plough, where they still sell the best beer in Surrey, even if it's not as strong as your rum ration. We heard there was a very jolly wedding party there the week before our visit, but we don't know whether it was anything like the one you went to on your last leave.

Your wife had just heard from her brother Bill the day we broke into her short leave to get you the news from home, and she passed on some of his adventures.

You know that he is in the Army in Italy. He writes to say don't expect him home yet, as only ten men from a round thousand in his unit have drawn leave passes. He adds hopefully that another five men are due to go in six months' time. His Colonel, who has put himself at the bottom of the leave list, expects to be home in about eleven years' time, he says! Doesn't it make you glad you're in the Submarine Service, Ted?

Although Bill's pretty near the fighting line, he's not having too bad a time, for he's been feasting his eyes on Maurice Winnick and the Dorchester Lovelies, which is one thing you don't get on a submarine.

We don't know how your father-in-law finds time to make all those excellent toys with his duties as Chief Fire Guard Officer, but he seems to manage somehow. He is now looking forward to a Fire Guard dinner and dance, which is going to be a big event in the neighbourhood.

Your young nephew Ray seems to be settling down all right at school now, and you've probably heard all the news of Coventry from sister Doris.

There has been no news lately from brother Fred in the Royal Marines, but all at Lambeth and Balham are in the best of health, and would wish to be included in the greetings to you.

That's all the news from home we have for you, Ted, but why not speak to your Admiral about getting home to see for yourself?

After all, four months of married life is not very long, especially when you've spent most of that time in a submarine. Needless to say, your wife is very eager to see you again, Ted.

Until then, she and the rest of the family wish you the best of everything, and repeat their message, "Come home quickly."

## It's love, mostly sisterly for A.B. Dennis Locke

FOUR pretty girls want A.B. Dennis M. Locke, of No. 1 Stratton Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, to know that they're "thinking of you a lot."

Sounds as if you have got yourself quite a handful, doesn't it? But spare your blushes, Dennis. It's your four sisters sending you their love and best wishes.

When "Good Morning" called, sister Joan, still in her overalls, had just come round from a little siesta.

She is working hard enough these days in her war-winning job as a machine operator at the Bristol Aeroplane Company's works, and Joan likes an occasional armchair nap.

Besides, it makes her feel fresh for her "date." In case you haven't heard, Joan is walking out with a nice young man from Bedminster.

Here's some good news about Peggy, one of your other sisters.

She has finished her course at a secretarial school and has found herself a job as short-hand-typist in the corporation

electricity department at Dorset House, Clifton Down. Peggy is a very bright girl for fifteen. She takes 100 words a minute in her stride!

Sister Dorothy, by the way, is still with the N.F.S.—and liking it—and Betty is "happy as a queen" in her home at Horfield.

Your young brother, Raymond, wants you to know that he misses you, too, especially as a bed-mate! "It's darned cold in bed without Dennis," he says.

No further word since last Christmas Eve has come through from your brother Jack, a prisoner in Jap hands, but all the family are hoping they may hear again any day now.

A letter came from Bert, your other brother, who is a prisoner in Germany, on the day "Good Morning" called.

He's keeping well, he says, and has just received his first couple of letters from mother.

They're all looking forward to seeing you at home again, Dennis, especially mother and dad.



team got three volunteers to take their place, by giving up their spare time, so as to keep the competition fair. The team spirit certainly prevailed in this mixed "ship's company."

Although the Wren has taken over some of the ratings' work, and even dress, she still continues to look very smart in her bell-bottoms and sailor's flannels.

She manages to keep her air of glamour, with, perhaps, bobbed but still curly hair and the permissible amount of make-up.

There isn't much chance in a factory of showing one's personal bravery. When an incident does occur, it's usually something one can't do anything about. But not always.

Soon after our first week at the factory, a fire broke out in one of the annexes. Two Wren writers dashed into the offices, the building by this time blazing, and dragged out files of valuable documents just before the roof collapsed.

Many of the Wrens (approximately one-third) come from naval families. Perhaps this partly explains their amazing success at their jobs. Perhaps it is also partly due to the fact that their officers, though anxious to keep up to all naval tradition, yet manage to combine a great deal of friendliness with a minimum of discipline.

Whatever it is, they're doing sailors' jobs in a sailor's way. That's the Navy style!

Raspberries are our favourite fruit

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# Have a Glass

## of Sawdust

By T. S. DOUGLAS

WHEN you have used a few hundred tons a week of sawdust for packing, sweeping floors, and sprinkling at the bottom of your rabbit hutches, what can you do with this substance which is the inevitable product of the lumber industry?

For years chemists have been worried about what to do with wood waste—sawdust and the waste liquid produced when wood is turned into paper pulp. The amount produced is prodigious.

In the U.S.A. there are mountains of sawdust, real mountains containing scores of thousands of tons of the fine wood particles. The only way to get rid of it has been to burn it, and it isn't even easy to burn 30,000,000 tons of sawdust a year—the present production.

Now chemists are coming forward with plans and plants that will turn this waste into valuable products—sugar, alcohol, plastics, building materials, and an anthracite substi-

tute. The most important products at the moment are the sugar and alcohol. The sugar, indeed, is merely a step on the way to making alcohol.

The needs of the Allies for alcohol are tremendous. The U.S.A. alone this year will use about 650 million gallons, not for making whisky or beer, but for making synthetic rubber and a score of other materials, from explosives to medicines.

But for the sawdust there might have been a shortage of alcohol that would have put important war plants out of production.

There is nothing new about making sugar from sawdust, and once you have sugar, alcohol is simply made by fermentation. Plants for converting sawdust into industrial alcohol were erected in the last war, and during the years between the wars the German synthetic chemists improved on the process.

### HAVE A SAWDUST.

Dr. Bergius, the German ex-

pert, liked to surprise visitors by offering them chocolates made entirely from sawdust.

But these processes were not economical. The last-war plants closed down with the Armistice. The German Scholler process, carried out at a huge plant near Hamburg, was much better.

It is this process, greatly improved, that is now being used in the U.S., where huge quantities of sawdust are available.

The improvement has chiefly been directed towards reducing the time taken to carry out the conversion, and increasing the yield per ton of wood treated.

This is now about 60 gallons—double the amount obtained in the last war—and the time required has been reduced to one-third that taken by the German process. It is believed that it can be still further reduced, thus enabling a plant of given size greatly to increase its output.

The sugar is produced by treating the sawdust with acid in the presence of steam. Great quantities of sawdust are fed to large containers by means of conveyers, the acid and steam are pumped in and percolate down. The sugar is drawn off at the bottom, and the residue of lignin is removed. The conversion of the wood sugar into ethyl alcohol by fermentation is simple.

The sugar produced could, of course, be used for preserving and sweetening purposes. But it is very impure, and in the ordinary way could not be re-

fined at a cost to compete with the sugar obtained from cane or beet.

The alcohol is ethyl alcohol, and not methyl alcohol ("wood alcohol"), which is poisonous. It will not be used for manufacturing gin, whisky or other drinks. At the moment it cannot be spared, and, in the ordinary way, grain provides a better method.

The demands of industry for alcohol after the war will probably continue. Few people realise that far more alcohol goes into factories to be used as a solvent or raw material than ever gets served over the bar. Half the present U.S. production is going to make synthetic rubber, for which alcohol is vital.

In normal times industrial alcohol is made largely by fermenting grain of various kinds and potatoes. Millions of tons of these foodstuffs were used every year for this purpose. The world may decide that it is better to use the food for improving the standard of nutrition and get the alcohol from wood waste.

### HOT STUFF.

The by-product of lignin is interesting. It is a brown substance containing resin, and for many years the huge quantities produced as "waste" in the pulp industry have proved a problem. More recently it has been used successfully as a raw material for plastics.

Under suitable conditions it burns with intense heat, like anthracite, and is almost ashless. Ordinary economics

hardly apply to its use. It costs so much to get rid of that even an apparently uneconomic process for utilising it would help the pulp mills!

About 500 pounds of lignin is left from every ton of sawdust converted into sugar, and a similar proportion from the treatment of waste liquor from paper mills.

The problem of the vast sawdust accumulations—bulldozers have to be employed just to push it away!—has led to special laboratories being set up to investigate further possibilities.

One of these is a method of binding the sawdust by plastic to produce a "synthetic wood" of considerable strength that would be suitable for building purposes. Experimentally, it has been found that the "synthetic wood" may be stronger than the original planks whose sawing produced the sawdust!

## QUIZ for today

1. A faitor is an Irish goblin, Roman magistrate, Spanish judge, French impostor, Portuguese merchant?

2. What is the most useful of all the nuts?

3. What is the world's most popular song, and who wrote it?

4. What is meant by "one horse-power"?

5. When was the first Rugby International played, and by what teams?

6. Which of the following are in Scotland? Dundalk, Dunblane, Dungloe, Dunmore, Dumow, Dunkeld, Dunkirk.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 557

1. Mediaeval philosophers.  
2. Banana; 20 tons per acre.  
3. (a) Byzantium; (b) Istanbul.

4. Queen Anne ordered Ascot race-course to be laid down. 1711.

5. Will Hay, comedian and amateur astronomer.

6. Badminton is played with shuttlecocks; others are ball games.

## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

IN the Indian Ocean, 1,500 miles from the mainland, Sgt. Sidney Herd, of Dagenham, Essex, runs the loneliest N.A.A.F.I.—on Mauritius.

One of our smallest colonies (area 720 square miles, population 425,000, mostly Hindu coolies), Mauritius is to-day an advanced outpost against Japanese aggression. Sgt. Herd opened the first N.A.A.F.I. on the island in 1943, and now there is a N.A.A.F.I. bulk issue store, restaurant, and shop for the garrison wives.

The sergeant reveals that Mauritius has discovered that it can run its taxis on alcohol derived from sugar cane.

A N.A.A.F.I. official, speaking of canteens in the Indian Ocean islands, says: "Equally remote are the Seychelles, where we have a bulk issue store and contemplate opening a club. Difficulty in communication and replenishment of supplies is experienced, but N.A.A.F.I. staff there are doing a fine job."

"Give yourself a pat on the back! . . ."



AT the "stand down" dinner of Worcester Home Guards at Evesham, the Commanding Officer praised Home Guard wives. "Wives were really responsible for Home Guard growing from semi-armed rabble into a disciplined army—they put up without a grumble with their husbands out at night and Sunday dinner continually spoilt."

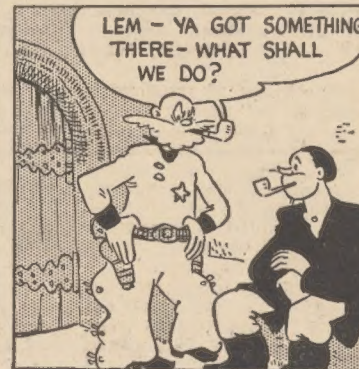
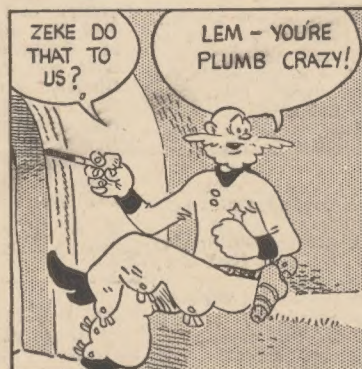
Post-war planning conferences are the current excuses, I believe.



A YOUNG officer who had escaped from a P.O.W. camp in Switzerland cabled to his father: "Hope to return home shortly. Prepare fatted calf. Anything you wish bring with me?" Father cabled back: "Delighted to hear news. Bring fatted calf."

Having a lean time, huh?

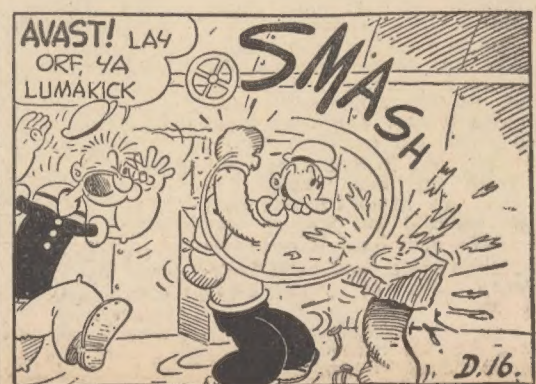
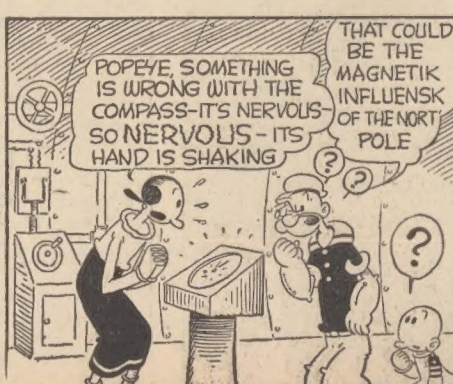
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—497

1. Insert consonants in A\*\*A\*\*I\* and A\*\*A\*\*I\*A and get an ocean and a continent.

2. Here are two rocks whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

LATRAING — TIESAB.

3. If "bitch" is the "itch" of dogs, what is the itch of (a) Women, (b) Pains, (c) Bacon?

## Answers to Wangling Words No. 496

1. ARKANSAS, COLORADO.
2. CUTLER—PAINTER.
3. (a) Assertion, (b) Grass.
4. Must-Ard, Pep-Per.

## JANE



# MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

BIG money out of small swindles is the theme of war-time charities, a very profitable beg-crooks who have found a profitable source of revenue.

Postal frauds and spurious articles advertised for sale in the "Small Ads." make only small individual profits. But it is business which appeals to a specialist in on the fact that many elderly, retired folk living on small pen-

The big money in the Black Market is made by the boys who have stayed in town. The distribution of "hot" clothing and petrol coupons and all Black Market stock can only be done if you are prepared to stay right on the job and pay out your stooges in £1 notes. It is not the sort of work that appeals to crooks who want to be evacuated from the rocket bomb dangers of the big cities.

But from several evacuation centres in the Midlands and the West Country it is possible to run postal frauds which swindle the money from suckers.

Before the Charity Commis-

sions or legacies are finding their income sadly depleted at the present rate of tax and they are apt to be "suckers" for any simple device which will enable them to earn pocket money at home.

The vast majority of "home work" schemes for making extra money are reputable, honest and very similar to that of a famous profitable, and you can trust most of the small advertisements fered to pay amateur home as-

which offer such goods or service, semblers of torch batteries for

The crooks have found, however, that one small fraud, if cleverly run, can be a gold mine. If only a small fee is charged, then the victim seldom wants to be involved in all the bad publicity of police action. The victim is sure to write an angry letter demanding the money back, but is seldom prepared

their spare-time work. You were invited to pay 25s. for a kit of parts and instructions.

The "kit" was found to be just a small wooden jig, a few ounces of powdered carbon and a couple of sheets of zinc foil. Roughly printed instructions included requests that you should buy your own manganese dioxide, sal-ammoniac and gelatine—all compounds which at the height of the battery shortage were absolutely unobtainable!

It is a stock joke that on applying to one firm which guaranteed to increase height by 2in. in less than two weeks, a dupe received

just a 2in. thick wood block with instructions to stand on it!

In practice, crooks do not indulge in this sort of jest because it skims just outside the law, whereas it is very difficult to say that the "painted photo" or home knitting business is a swindle. The firm supplying these goods can take the attitude that it depended on the skill of the individual user, and this might give them a legal loophole.

And it's all on account of money

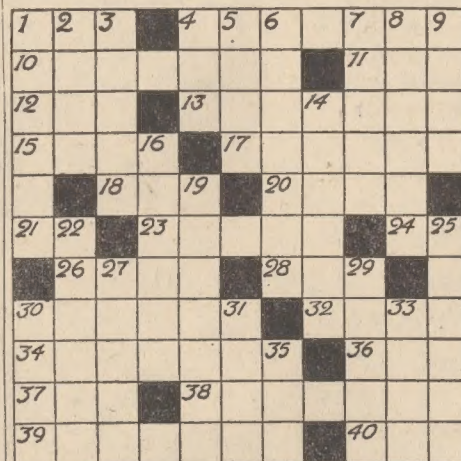
A woman went into a chemist's shop and asked, "Have you any Lifebuoy?"

The assistant, a young American, replied, "Set the pace, lady."

## By GORDON RICH

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.



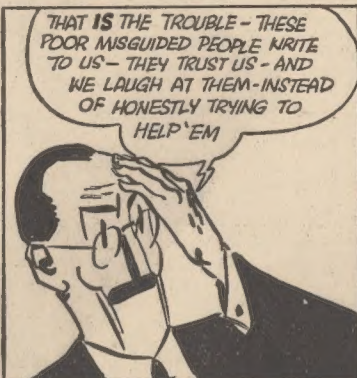
- 1 Bone.
- 2 Exhortation.
- 3 Applause.
- 4 Fabrication.
- 5 Acquire.
- 6 Rows gently.
- 7 Waxed.
- 8 Order.
- 9 Rodent.
- 10 Windmill blade.
- 11 For example.
- 12 Small beast.
- 13 Perform.
- 14 Pain.
- 15 Collection.
- 16 Irregular line.
- 17 Garden tool.
- 18 Cheer.
- 19 Wages.
- 20 Lout.
- 21 Join again.
- 22 Ran faster than.
- 23 Carmine.

### CLUES DOWN.

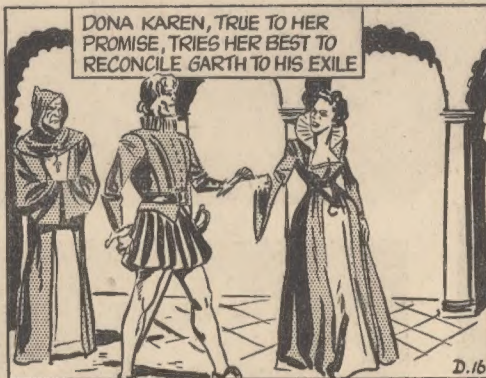
- 1 Jerk to and fro.
- 2 Assert.
- 3 Drink.
- 4 Seed.
- 5 Thoroughfare.
- 6 Salad plants.
- 7 Girl's name.
- 8 Mended.
- 9 Big match.
- 10 Sliding receptacle.
- 11 Tightening d.s.c.
- 12 Show place.
- 13 Fancy cake.
- 14 Did as b.d.
- 15 Skill.
- 16 American mammal.
- 17 Drive away birds.
- 18 Enthusiastic.
- 19 Girl's name.
- 20 Acorn.

BIFF HURRAH  
ENROL NAIVE  
ADUR POPLAR  
KEG LAP LID  
EXAMINES L  
R LOB NOD R  
C PENELOPE  
PAL RID MUD  
ANIMAL SIRE  
COMET RANGE  
KENNEL POEM

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## MOVIE QUIZ

HERE is a task for you film experts. Can you straighten out this obviously inaccurate report from a phoney Hollywood correspondent? He writes:—

Interesting things are happening in Hollywood at the moment. Sam Goldwyn, boss of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has co-starred Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich in "Kismet," which you may remember as a silent picture starring Garbo.

Ethel Barrymore—wife of Lionel Barrymore—looked in recently. Lionel is certainly one of the busiest men in Hollywood; but he has a strange part in "Dragon Seed," in which he is seen but not heard.

Musicals are continuing to boom, and the latest to learn to dance for a film is Eleanor Powell, the popular Norwegian star. Her two brothers, Dick and William, are busy, too. Bill Powell is making a new "Thin Man" picture, with his usual "Mrs. Thin Man," Diana Lewis, to whom he is married in private life. The "Thin Man" dog Asta, by the way, has just become a mother of five pups.

Following her success in "Song of Bernadette," Katherine Hepburn is in greater demand than ever, and is to remake her former hit picture, "I'm No Angel."

With your interest in opera, stirred since you have been in Italy, you'll be glad to hear that the old Sylvia Sidney talkie of "Madame Butterfly" may be re-issued. This was rated the finest operatic film ever made, with superb singing. Remember it?

And here are some tit-bits of up-to-the-minute news. A new Bette Davis picture, "The Old Maid," has just been shown. Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland met for the first time this week. Director Alfred Hitchcock expresses a yearning to appear before the camera—he has never been seen on the screen.

Dick Gordon

## FROM OUR POST BAG

"I LEARNED the other day that papers usually have somebody on the staff known as a Managing Editor. I was wondering—if 'Good Morning' happens to employ such a person—whether he could manage a few things for me. To start with, the wife wants to get hold of a set of saucepans..."

"AS constant readers of your feature, 'At the sign of the Jolly Roger,' my pals and I are fascinated by the viewpoints put forward by Mr. Millier and his pals. Naturally, we don't agree with every plank in their platform, except to this extent—we heartily wish they'd walk one of them."



# Good Morning

## SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES

This pup must think he's suffering from a permanent hangover. Every time he wakes up there's that confounded leopard cub hanging around.



"A gal has to be careful of the impression she leaves behind," laughed Merle Oberon, as she lay lusciously sunning herself before taking the plunge.

## THE WATCH GOES BELOW

This Newcastle busker swallows his watch and chain and invites a member of the audience to listen to the watch ticking in his tummy. He lives on tick, so to speak.



THIS ENGLAND. Many people will argue fiercely that Salisbury Cathedral has the loveliest, slenderest spire in the country. We're not taking sides, but, when we look at this beautiful picture taken from the river, we're inclined to murmur, "You've got something there, chum."



"Have you ever looked a turkey squarely in the eyes? They look so sad, it fair breaks our heart! But that doesn't prevent us thinking that a turkey is the loveliest sight in the world, served on a dish with all the trimmings."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I don't mind getting the 'bird' myself."

